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1930

Life

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See Page 30

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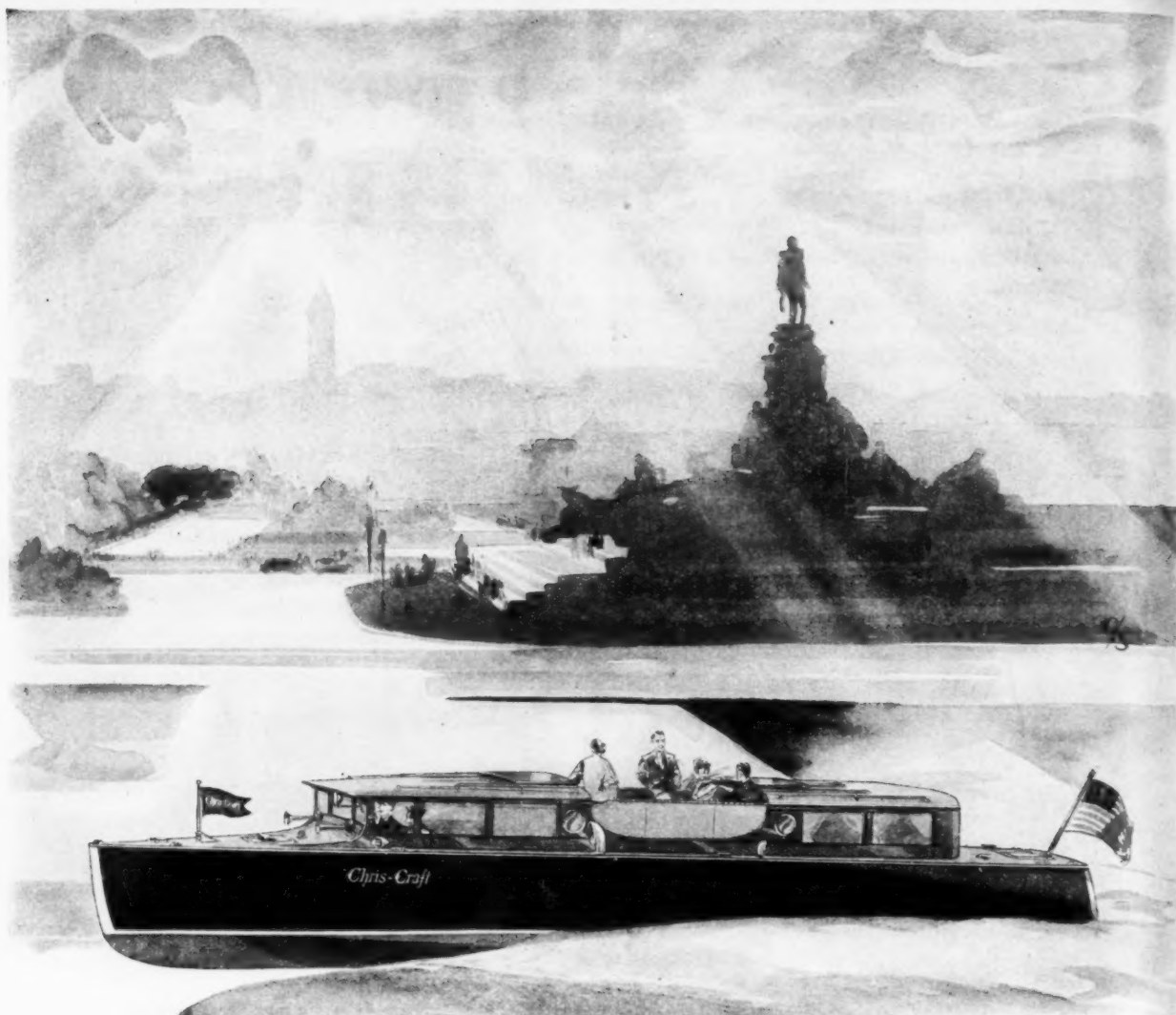
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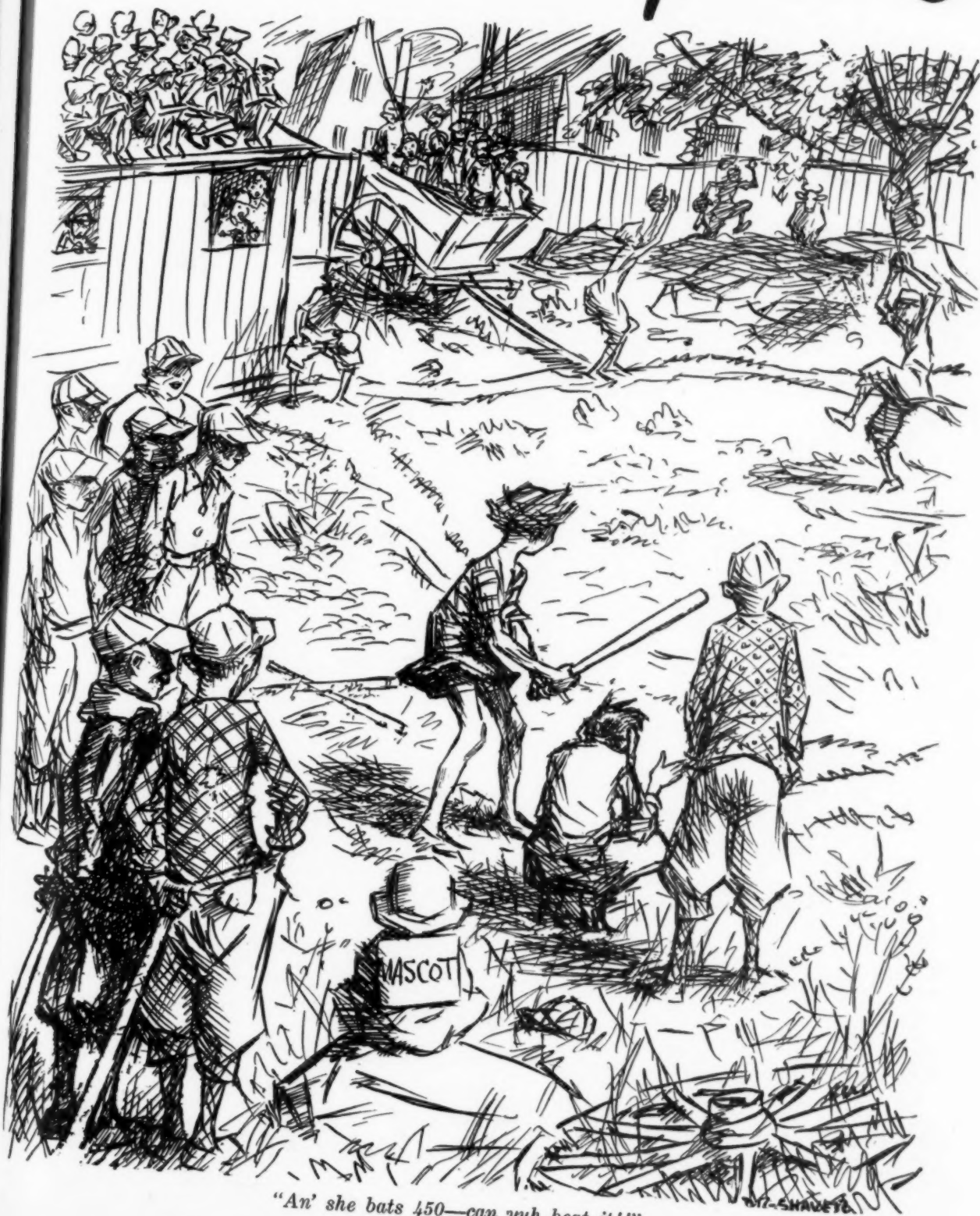


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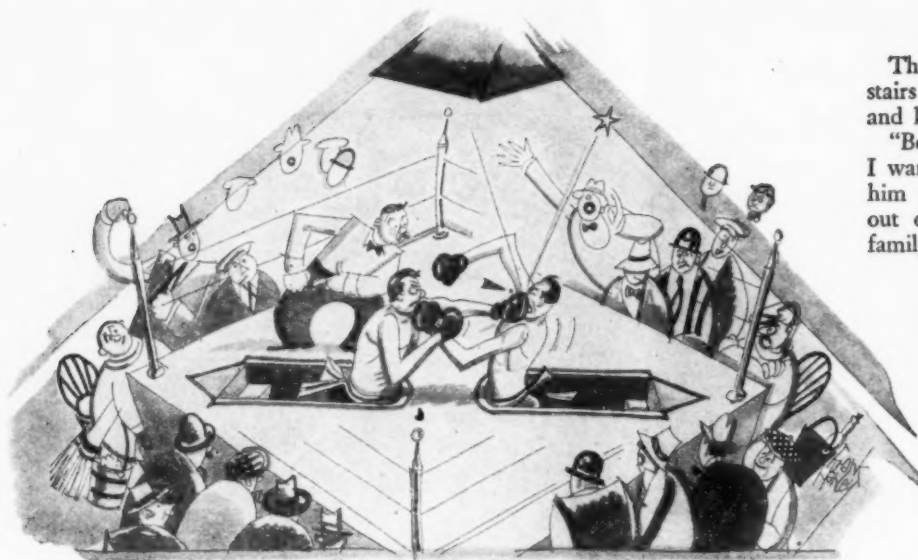
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Life



"An' she bats 450—can yuh beat it!!"



How to really do away with all this nuisance about foul blows.

Farce

Things got so noisy in the flat upstairs last night that I finally went up and knocked on the door.

"Boggs," I said. "Here's something I want you to read." And I handed him a sarcastic article I had clipped out of a humorous paper about the family upstairs.

"Heh, heh, heh!" he said when he had finished it. "That's pretty good. Lemme have it, willya? I wanta show it to the family upstairs."

If we get real mad at anyone this spring, we are just going to smile and get even by naming a summer cottage for them.

Ex-Boy Friend

I broke off with Mary Ann because she always threatened to put me in a novel and did.

I left Anne, who always gave me to understand that she was a widow, because she lied to me. She had a husband very much alive and kicking.

I couldn't see my way clear to joining the Army just because Sally had a weakness for uniforms. She failed to appreciate the humor of my sending around a Western Union boy as a proxy. I haven't seen her since.

Marion tried my patience sorely when she ordered chicken salad for the third time . . . in one evening.

I had to stop hanging around Emily when I discovered that I had a rival in a hundred and ninety pound champion boxer. I couldn't make the weight.

And Elaine . . . well, you've guessed it. She encouraged me to write this sort of stuff.

—ed. graham.

There are certain streets in Manhattan where it is unsafe for a woman to walk along unescorted. Only just yesterday a woman had her face lifted on Forty-fourth street.

It's awfully difficult to find anything nice to say about spinach, except, perhaps, that there are no bones in it.



R.B. FULLER

Saved!

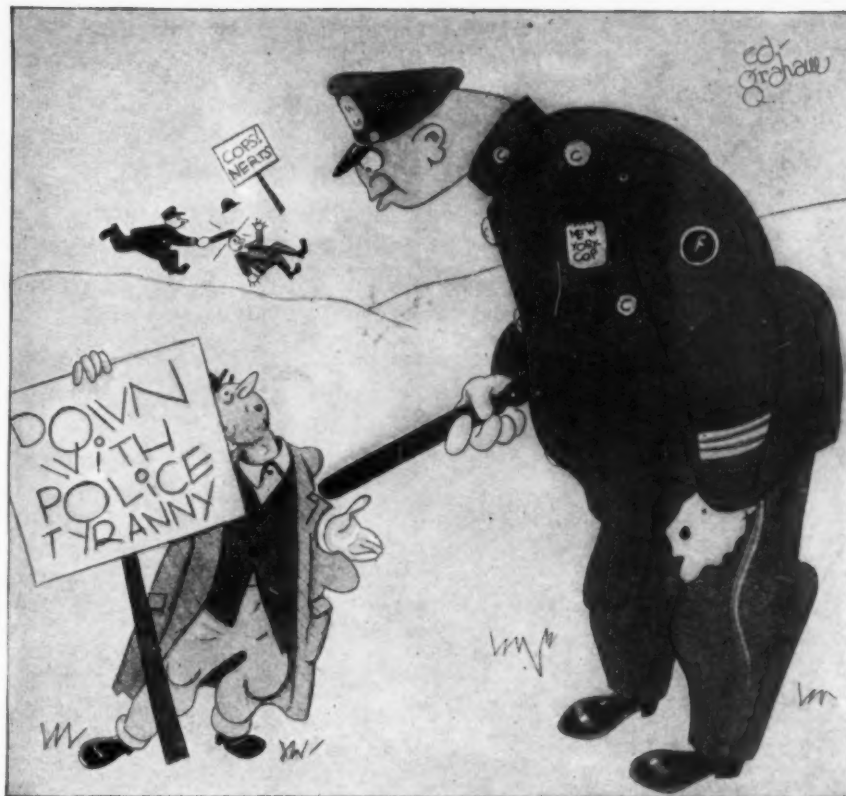
Something Should Be Done

The age of speed is not complete. It is true that women continue the conversation while powdering their noses, aeroplanes refuel in flight, trains take on water without pausing one moment, ships merely slow down to drop the pilot or to catapult a mail plane into the air, but—and here is where another invention is needed—every time a motorist wants to buy a hot dog he has to come to a full stop.

What this country really needs is a good reliable method for fad-reducing.

The only known thing harder than a diamond is making the payments on it.

"When is a joke not a joke?"
 "I'll bite. When?"
 "When it gets into the Constitution."



COMMUNIST: Oh, heh-heh! I was just holding this for a friend!



"Hey, Pa, lookit my new airiplanel!"

Scott Shots

There was once a book censor who read so much that he was troubled with asterisks in front of his eyes.

Wonder if it makes taxi drivers sleepy to watch pedestrians jumping over the street?

There's a bright side to everything including last year's suit of clothes.

Song for an ex-collegian—I'm just a vagabond salesman.

Life for a Hollywood girl is full of annoyances. If it isn't one husband, it's another.

The United States is a country in which the people make their own laws and liquor.

Another thing that's slightly higher West of the Rockies is the divorce rate.
 —W. W. Scott.



"Yes, old man, it lacks that little something."



"Aw, let's wait till tomorrow night, Bill, it's raining."

Loser's Contest!

In every contest there are three or four joyful winners and hundreds of disappointed losers. And the losers always think their answers are better than the winners! LIFE here-with launches a contest in which the losers win! For the worst answers to the question below, the following prizes will be awarded: 1st Prize—\$0.25, 2nd Prize—\$0.50, 3rd Prize—\$0.75, 4th Prize—\$1.00, 5th Prize—\$1.25, 6th Prize—\$1.50, 7th Prize—\$1.75, 8th Prize—\$2.00, 9th Prize—\$3.00, 10th Prize—\$4.00, 11th Prize—\$5.00, 12th Prize—\$6.00, 13th Prize—\$7.00, 14th Prize—\$8.00, 15th Prize—\$10.00. Answers must be limited to 20 words, but you may submit as many as you wish. None will be returned. In cases of tie, all the tying contestants will receive the same amount. All answers must be sent to LIFE Loser's Contest, 598 Madison Ave., New York City, within two weeks of the date of this issue. Winners will be announced in the May 30 issue. There will be a contest each week.

LOSER'S CONTEST No. 1.

"Why is prohibition a great success?"

.....

Name

Address

It Sims to Me

No doubt it is true, as is claimed, that many prominent men in Washington do serve drinks in their homes. This is why some of them are so prominent.

This is the season when a man works all morning so he can afford to play golf all afternoon for recreation so he can play bridge all night.

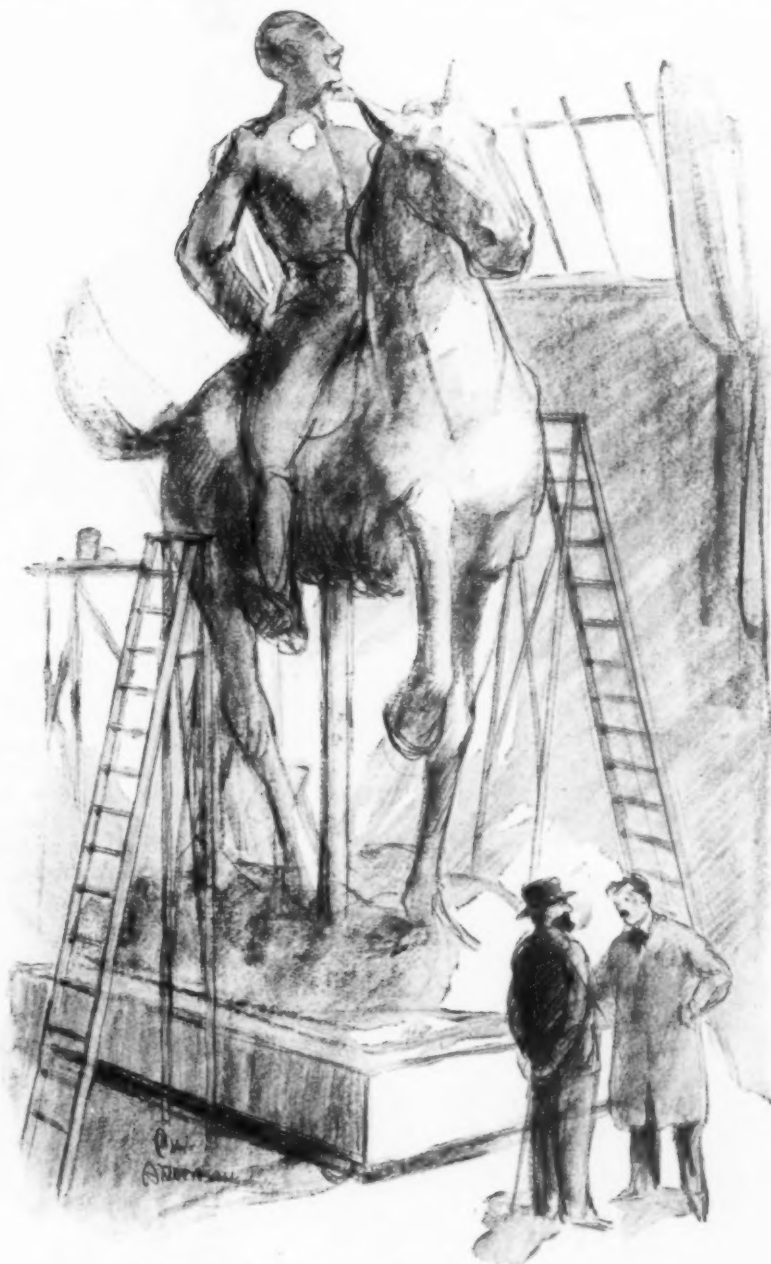
RADIO NOTE.

It's just too bad a lot of these radio orchestra leaders are not really in St. James Infirmary.

It's strange that a motorist never remembers he used to be a pedestrian.

SAD MISTAKE.

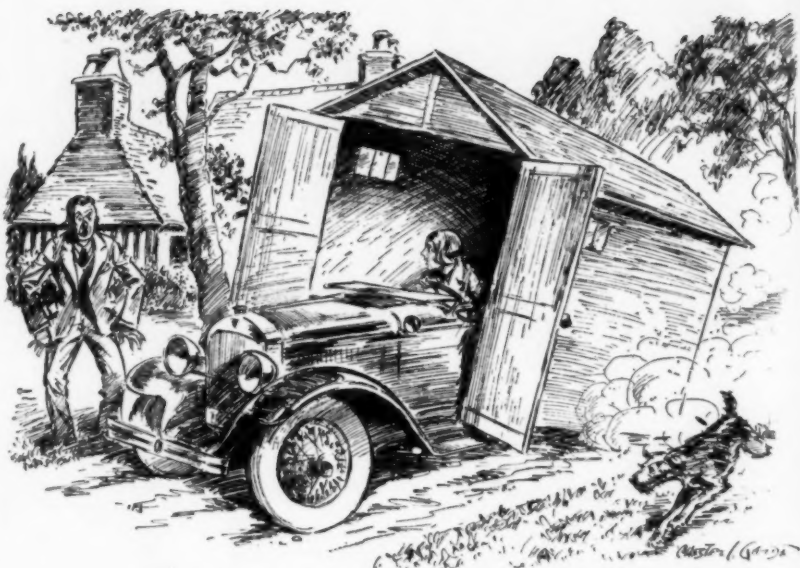
About three weeks ago I planted some bulbs, but I think they think I buried them.
 —Tom Sims.



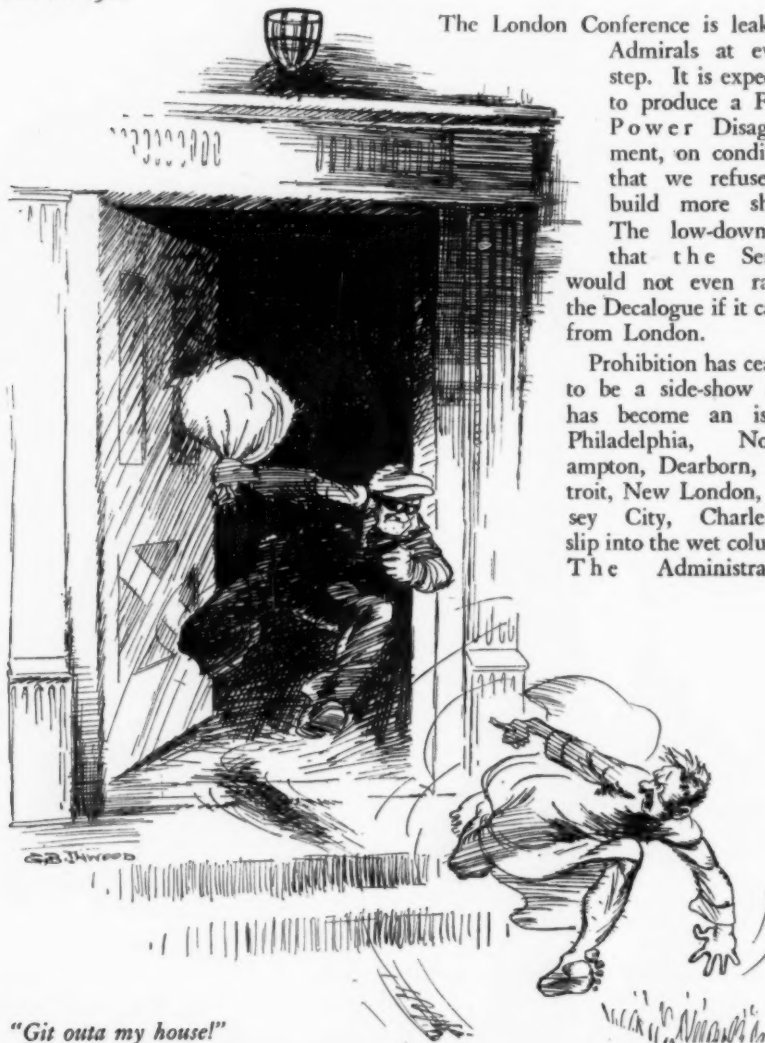
"Frankly, old man, I would lay it aside and start over."

Life in Washington

OKLAHOMA now has an outlaw oil well which defies all efforts to restrain the outpouring of its natural gas. Idaho, as we observed before, still has its senior Senator. Politics are almost back at par. Grundy is attacking Vare and Pinchot in Pennsylvania. Ruth Hanna McCormick and Charley Deneen gummed up the party in Illinois. The Chairmen of both national committees are being investigated. The Federation of Labor is attacking the "yellow-dog" affiliations of Hoover's "lily-white" nominee for the Supreme Court. George Norris got the Senate to approve Government operation of Muscle Shoals, and we expect to hear that the Senate is about to take up the Fugitive Slave Law and Free Silver. The Great White Father is beginning to understand why Calvin did not choose to run in 1928.



"Well, Davenport, you would get a portable garage!"



"Git outa my house!"

The London Conference is leaking Admirals at every step. It is expected to produce a Five-Power Disagreement, on condition that we refuse to build more ships. The low-down is that the Senate would not even ratify the Decalogue if it came from London.

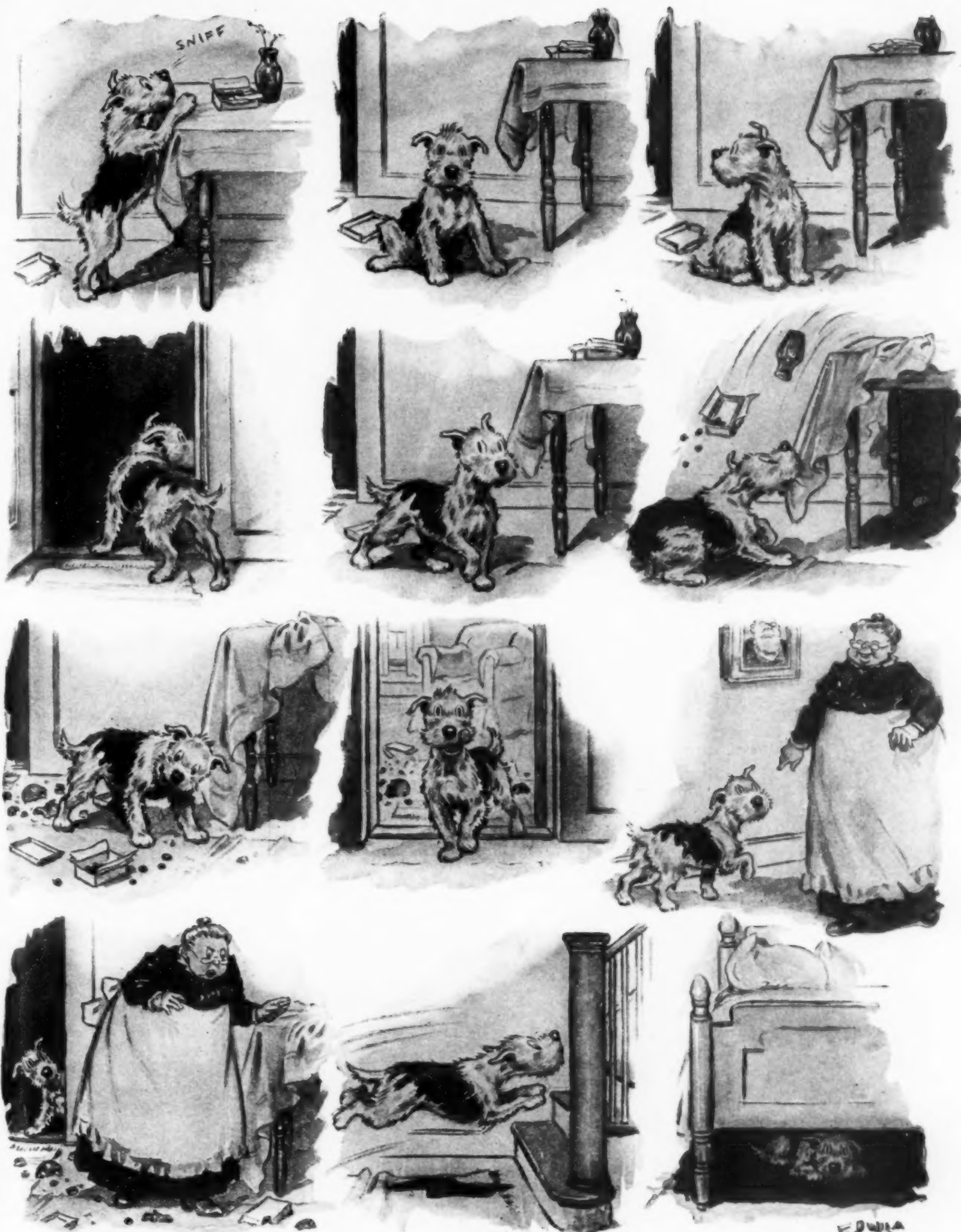
Prohibition has ceased to be a side-show and has become an issue. Philadelphia, Northampton, Dearborn, Detroit, New London, Jersey City, Charleston slip into the wet column. The Administration

calls for more judges to pass out dry sentences and for a longer trial of the five-and-ten law. A Kentucky dry raider shot an unarmed moonshiner in the back. The "felon" is survived by a dependent wife, mother, two sisters and four children. Prohibition is such a boon for women and children. By the way, what happened in the Wirikula Case? Nobody seems to know how the noble experiment of shooting innocent motorists at International Falls turned out in the jury room.

Senator Tydings of Maryland spread the bad news on the Congressional Record: 1365 people killed, over 1300 Federal agents discharged for corruption, drunkenness arrests rising, safe deposits declining. The dry hearings closed appropriately as Irving Fisher, the inventor of the india rubber dollar, explained that the noble experiment had helped Monday attendance at work. Where's the work?

Sir Hubert Wilkins may be sued for trespass for having operated an airplane in Antarctica without permission from the rotogravure section of the New York Times—Harvard discovered 200 new kinds of fungus in Costa Rica. They should try Washington next . . . Fake census takers stole \$50,000 worth of jewels in Chicago. They should have posed as tax-collectors . . . Hoover told the census takers that he occupied the White House and was an engineer by profession. His statement just about sums up the present political situation in Washington.

—J. F.



SINBAD
"Sh-h—dark deeds!!"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

The whole trouble with prohibition enforcement is Andrew W. Mellon.
—Senator Brookhart.

We are here at the naval parley to sit until we settle.
—Charles Francis Adams.

Both I and the government despise flattering, violin-like speeches. We like rude, frank talk such as becomes Fascism.
—Benito Mussolini.

Richard Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance" is the book I would most prefer to use for shaving papers.
—Noel Coward.

As a matter of fact, I like some of my husbands now much better than when I was married to them. It seems to me that that's how it ought to be with divorced people.
—Peggy Joyce.

There's something rotten in Denmark! By "Denmark," I mean Broadway and its legitimate theatre. By "rotten," I mean "mellowly wrong."
—David Belasco.



"Dang this prohibishun law, my husband is tryin' to drink hisself to death!"

"Maybe they'll repeal the law in time to save him!"

GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Stage Seenry.
Cummeedyuns.
Trajeedyuns.
Course Boys.

There's really no place like home if you haven't the money to go out.

A combination corkscrew and compass would be useful.

One nice thing about buying a radio on the installment plan—if you don't like what comes in over the air you can turn off the payments.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *salve* with an *i* and get something to take on a trip.
- (2) Scramble *croons* with a *t* and get a wife.
- (3) Scramble *spatter* with a *y* and get something on the wall.
- (4) Scramble *shark* with an *i* and get a bad way to look.
- (5) Scramble *arched* with an *a* and get a parlor comedy.
- (6) Scramble *lobster* with a *u* and get what's on your mind.
- (7) Scramble *chats* with an *e* and get a smell.
- (8) Scramble *moored* with a *b* and get a good reason for going out at night.
- (9) Scramble *marine* with a *t* and get some good clothes.
- (10) Scramble *leering* with an *i* and get something on the girls.

(Answers on Page 26)



The echo that forgot.



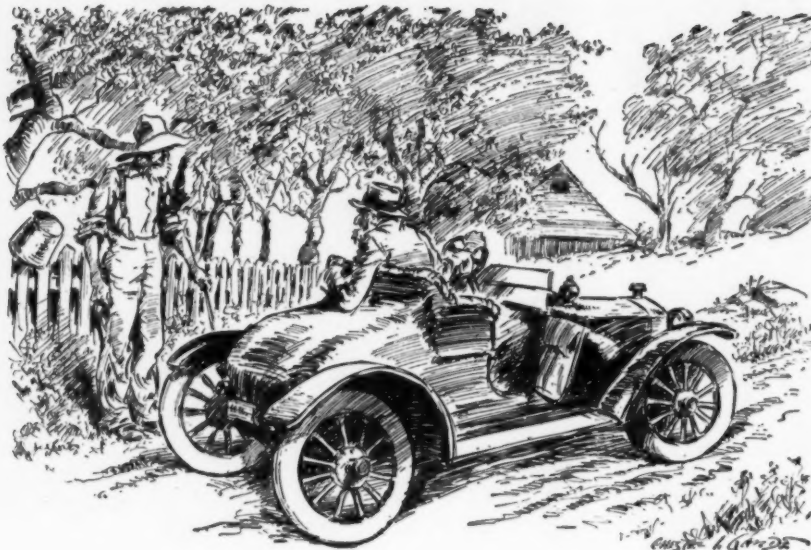
The Storm.

THERE are no statistics on the subject but veteran observers declare that the great majority of our Senators and Congressmen drink. In fact, one might call this common knowledge even at prohibition headquarters. On the other hand, the great majority of them still vote dry, and not so very long ago in the House they cheered the news that a young bootlegger in Washington had been killed, a boy whom possibly they themselves had patronized, certainly one whom their habits had tempted into the illicit liquor traffic.

An enthusiastic lot, these gentlemen elected to represent us at the seat of government, to write our laws and presumably to set us an example in obeying them. Not only are a large percentage of those who are serving us today deep-dyed hypocrites but, as this episode proves, they glory in their hypocrisy. So does the Rev. Dr. Clarence True

Wilson, secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Only recently he praised them to the country as "big enough to drink and still vote for what is right."

Do you share this ardor? If not, let's turn them out. You will have an opportunity in a few months. A third of the Senate and the whole House of Representatives come up for election this fall. In the meantime LIFE is making it possible for you to check up on your Senator and Congressman. Read the advertisement on Page 31. If you are sick of the wet-drinking, dry-voting legislator, of the false representative who deals with bootleggers in private and cheers their death in public—in short, if you would substitute temperance for the Eighteenth Amendment and all the evils that have come in its train, clip and mail the coupon.



"Yep, I'm votin' dry, think I want to ruin my apple-jack trade?"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by **Baird Leonard** APRIL 3—Lay late, pondering this and that, such as the number of adventures claiming descent from the Hapsburgs, the fact that "Dixie" was written by a Northerner, etc., and then to the listing of my accounts, a dreary business, for Lord! the trouble with my own solvency seems not to lie so much in an attempt to keep up with the Joneses as to in one to keep up with the Vanderbilts, and I could easily, now that the fine spring sunshine is on the river, wish to live in one of those houseboats attached to the various docks, for then there would be no fights with sub-meter companies over exorbitant rates for electricity, and no threatening landlords with instant death if they do not allot another drier in the laundry to our Florence, but when I said as much to Sam, he did remind me that the complexities of our modern civilization are attributed by sociologists to the activities of my own sex, and there do certainly be moments when I doubt if they have made a good job of it. To luncheon at an inn with Marge Boothby, who does now speak occasionally of renouncing the world and going into a sisterhood, but as she had just laid out thirty dollars for a hat and made a good meal of oysters, ravioli, spinach and a peach Melba, I paid small heed to her spiritual meanderings, and it would surprise me less

to be visiting her in a sanitarium than in a nunnery if she does keep on being blown about by every wind of doctrine. To another matinee of "Strike Up the Band," and I was alarmed to mark that the chorus looked like schoolgirls, being minded how Liz Atkins first realized that age was creeping on her through no-

ting that all the policemen looked so young.

APRIL 4—A great hue and cry this morning because my favorite tweezers are gone from my bureau, so the entire household on a still hunt, for I had almost liefer lose my Georgian tea set or my annotated first edition of "A Story-Teller's Holiday," nor did we find them, neither, so now I must seek out a soothsayer at once, for that is how Lydia Loomis did retrieve her pearls. To the shops to buy a pair of black lizard skin oxfords, so comfortable that I walked all the way home through the town, and then Tella Brown and George Van Namee for tea, and whilst we were talking I was suddenly struck by the fact that George is the Public Service Commissioner and that if I did comb the State I could find no man higher up to whom to mention the troubles we have had with the sub-

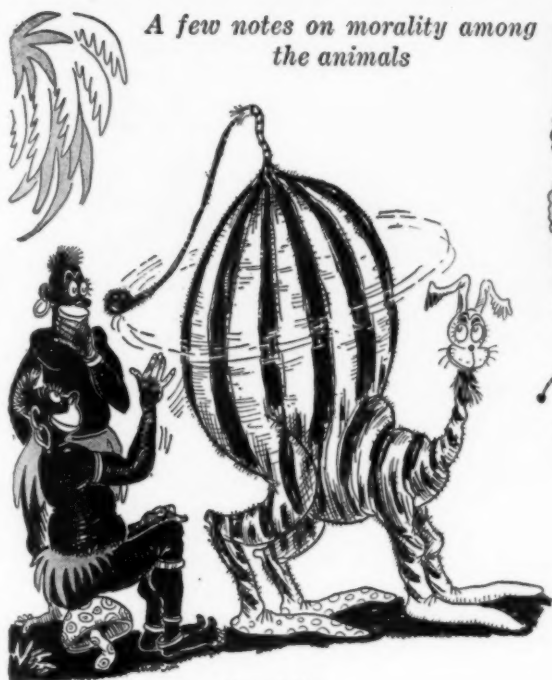
(Continued on Page 28)



That speck of mud you brought in—judging by her fuss.

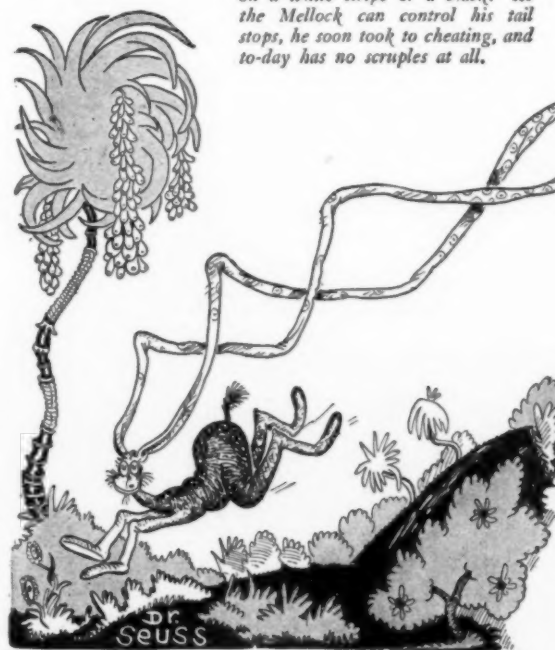
Life's LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

A few notes on morality among the animals



Gambling

A few years ago, if you asked which was the most moral of all animals, the answer was always, "the Mombassa Mellock." Recently, however, someone discovered that by spinning his tail around, you could bet on whether it would stop on a white stripe or a black. As the Mellock can control his tail stops, he soon took to cheating, and to-day has no scruples at all.



Dr. Seuss



Drink

"Prohibition," writes a Kentucky moonshiner, "has made drinkers of all the porcupines near our camp. And when a spiffed porky gets rollicking around, he sticks himself something awful. Realizing our responsibility, we've protected them by putting little rubber guards on the end of every darn quill in the vicinity."



Sex

Whereas the sex life of the average animal is his own secret, the amours of the Brazilion Blinket are an open book. Every time a Blinket has an affaire de coeur, his ears grow three inches longer, so a bad Blinket fools no one. Above, a careful mother is shielding her young daughter from the shocking spectacle of a shameless old roué.

New York Life

Puzzle Dept.

IF THE Dutch Treat club is composed of the leading lights of the literary, art and editorial world and represents the more intelligent stratum of our American life, why are three-quarters of the pictures in their annual year book nudes? . . . and why are most of them pornographic? . . . aren't these the men who make such fun of the Babbits, Rotaries and Kiwanis for enjoying themselves the very same way on their "lodge" nights?

Idea

Practically all hotels, restaurants and night clubs now serve ginger ale and mineral water with tags hanging around the necks of the bottles bearing this inscription . . . "The Management sells the content of this bottle to you with the understanding that it will not be mixed or used with any alcoholic content liquor in violation of the prohibition laws" . . . here's a swell idea for the Anti-Saloon League . . . why not shove through a law forcing citizens to wear large tags around their necks with a similar notice . . . "The content of this person is not to be mixed or used with any alcoholic content liquor in violation of the prohibition laws."

Idea No. 2

Speaking of prohibition, as who isn't, why doesn't some rich philanthropist do somewhat the same thing for the poor wets as Mr. Rockefeller has done for the dries . . . for example, what is to prevent a millionaire from throwing open his home and his cellar to his friends which is perfectly within the law? . . . of course, in no time, his friends would be legion but if the gentleman were as rich as Mr. Rockefeller he could easily supply the demand and then, naturally, any friend who took undue advantage of such hospitality would immediately be ostracized.

Couvert

It is a sad truism but money does make class, which speaks rather badly for class . . . take the night clubs for instance . . . at resorts with stiff cover charges and high prices, you will usu-

ally find rather nice people, or rather, what is known as nice people . . . at places without cover charge you will usually find just the opposite . . . The Hollywood is a good example of this . . . here is a night club which is doing a tremendous business while the other "covered" places are dying . . . it developed this trade by putting on a "big" show with a good orchestra and without the dread *couvert* . . . its clientele ran from taxi drivers to shoe clerks . . . now that it has become popular and talked about the class element is beginning to "slum" it and it won't be long before the owners will get wise and jack up their prices . . . exit taxi drivers and shoe clerks.

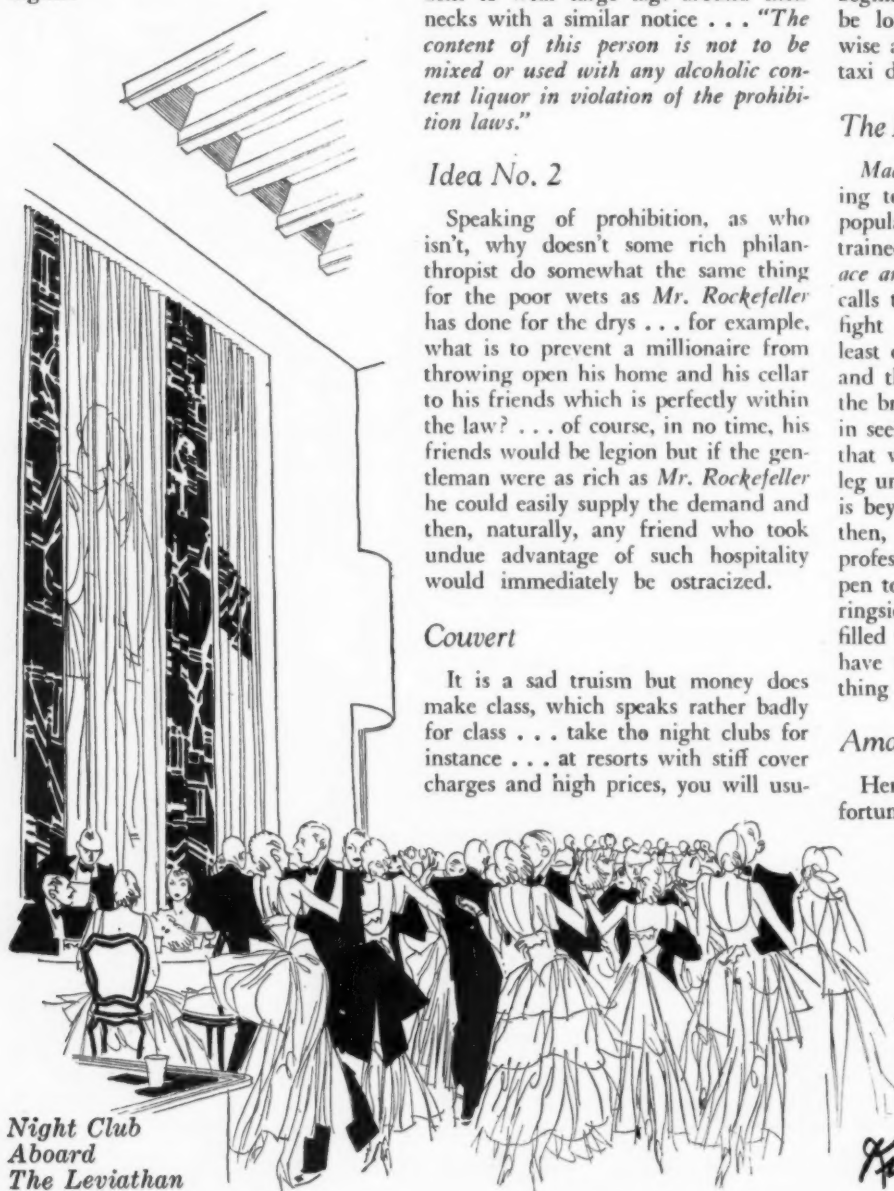
The Beef Trust

Madison Square Garden is now trying to add wrestling to its "bag" of popular tricks . . . after seeing their trained troupe of Sadists, or "Big Grimace and Grunt men," as Joe Williams calls them, I'd rather see a good bull fight . . . in the latter exhibition, at least one of the two animals is honest and there is a little action along with the brutishness . . . what sport there is in seeing one two hundred pound bear that walks like a man twist another's leg until his shoulders are on the floor, is beyond my comprehension . . . but then, you never can tell . . . if the professional chiropractors should happen to catch our "class" fancy and the ringside seats of the Garden become filled with white shirt fronts we would have to like it . . . it would be the thing to do.

Amaze Your Friends

Here is a simple way to make your fortune over night . . . all you need is a quarter to start with . . . slap it down on a hard surface . . . a mahogany bar is just the thing . . . listen carefully to the sound it makes . . . when a tail is uppermost it sounds in a higher key than when a head is on top . . . with a little practice you will be able to tell whether it is head or tail, and the rest is simple.

Knickerbocker Jr.



Night Club
Aboard
The Leviathan



The Kilmore Automobile Club holds its annual "hunt-breakfast."

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

NOT since Brieux's "Damaged Goods" has there been as frank a discussion on the stage of a pathological and social problem as is laid before the customers in Humphrey Pearson's "They Never Grow Up," Otto Kruger's new starring vehicle at the Theatre Masque. The theatre may or may not be the proper place to examine into such subjects, and a certain amount of sane taboo may or may not be good for the health of the theatre, but, as the season dies on a dozen plays which are good merely because they are good entertainment, I, for my part, find a genuine pleasure in settling down to something that is sober and instructive, for a change.

"They Never Grow Up" is a highly interesting and profoundly touching, even though sometimes uncomfortably gruesome, study of arrested mental development. The story, around which the clinical lecture is woven, is familiar enough. Andrew Ware is a wealthy young frying-pan manufacturer of San Diego who is married to a virago and has a funny-paper mother-in-law. Early in the first act symptoms of his pathetic condition are exposed to the audience. We are told that he has jumped from a high building with a parachute, flown a kite through the business thoroughfares of San Diego, is addicted to reading boys' blood-and-thunder Wild West yarns, plays cowboy-and-Indian with his chauffeur, upon whom he depends for companionship, and in other ways exhibits himself as a specimen of the *imbecile class*, as defined by the American Association for the Study of Feeble-mindedness. That is to say, in the language of the Association, his "mental development is above that of an idiot, but does not exceed that of a normal child of about seven years." His playmate, the chauffeur, belongs, it is obvious from certain marked physical characteristics, to the *cretin*, or *cretinoid*, group, a condition resulting from a congenital absence of the thyroid gland. The two unfortunates leap about the stage pointlessly, whooping wildly and smashing objects of value, until, finally, they work themselves up to an imbecilic frenzy which is positively heartrending to watch, dress as cowboys, tie the young man's quite harmless old father-in-law to a chair, and escape.

In the second scene, we find the pair launched on what they tell each other is a "big adventure" in the barroom of a Mexican saloon, just over the California border. It is here that the moral of the drama begins to be laid down. We are made to see how cruel it is for thoughtless responsible people to allow their helpless charges to run at large instead of placing them in institutions where they would receive proper care and intelligent treatment. It is no time before wicked people are taking advantage of Andrew in the great out-



53,982 B. C.—The first man who ever got the idea that he would like to be an actor.

side world. He loses all his money to the gamblers in the back room before the scene is two minutes old. Then he falls for a fringe-and-accent Mexican vamp of the type that normal people would recognize as having died out, even in the movies, with Theda Bara. This lady asks him to commit a crime and he begins at once shooting off revolvers in all directions, not knowing, poor chap, that they are deadly weapons. The crime that he is duped into committing—that of smuggling the young lady, who is an undesirable alien, into the United States—is rather a serious one, and, before long, Andrew is shooting it out with the border police, taking the whole thing, in his blissful ignorance, as a great lark. The police finally hunt him down, and, at the last curtain, he is obliged to leave for South America to escape justice.

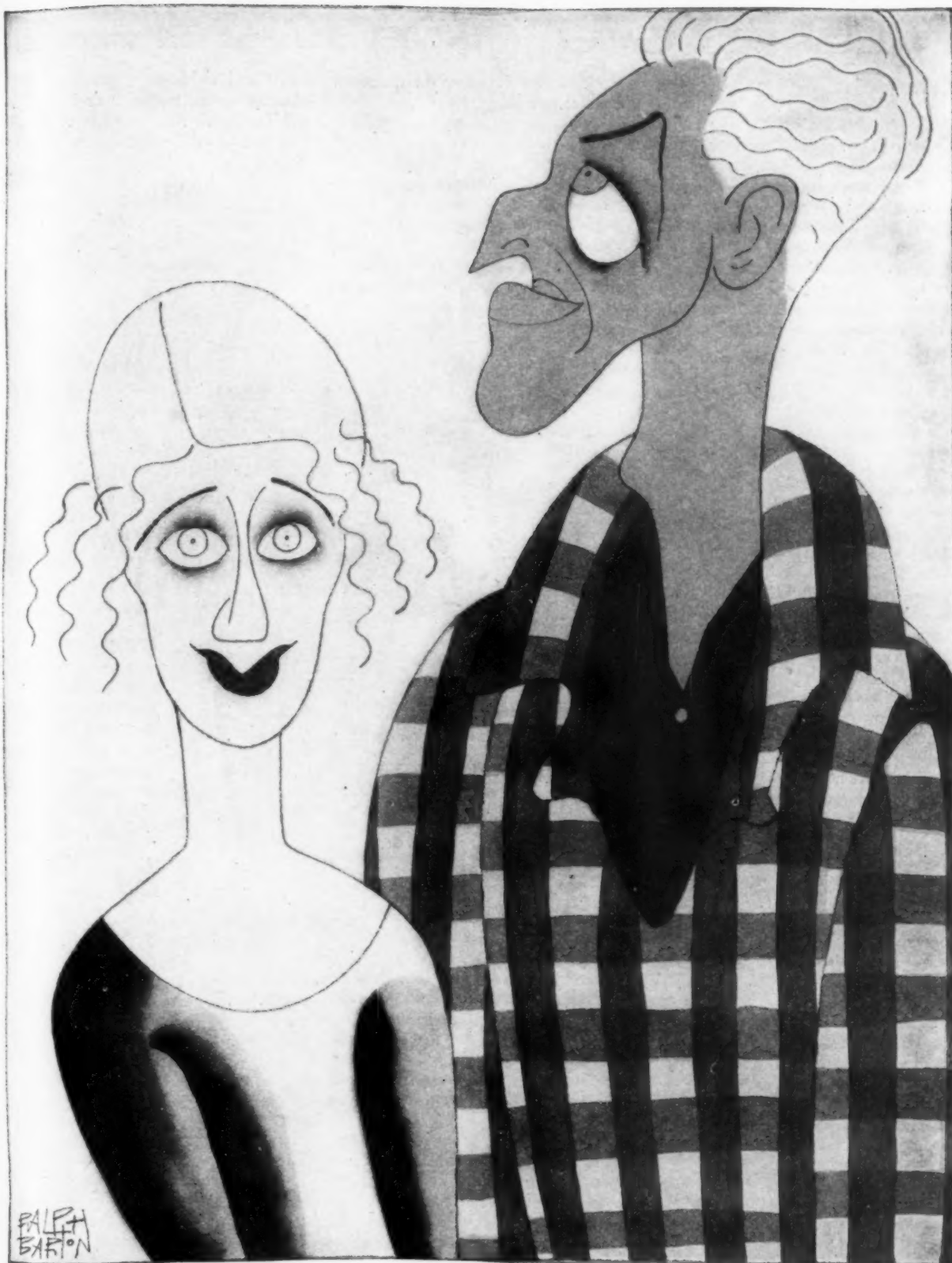
It is seldom that I am moved to tears in the theatre—but I wept inconsolably

at "They Never Grow Up." Children in trouble get me, every time. I can watch love go wrong, or poor old mothers get turned out into the snow, or see innocent heroes walk to the chair to save their sweetheart's brothers, without even swallowing, but I break down over the kids—mental kids included. Otto Kruger, as Andrew, got me. And so did Claude Cooper as the chauffeur. The vacuous grin that Mr. Kruger wore throughout the evening will haunt me for weeks.

And here, permit me to shake a reproving finger at the shocking heartlessness of New York theatre audiences. I can forgive the management of "They Never Grow Up" for giving out that the piece is a "farce comedy." A thought or two has to be given to the box-office and not many people are in the mood, these days, to see stark tragedy—especially tragedy of as morbid a nature as this. But my sense of decency was outraged to hear the hard-boiled first-night audience burst out laughing, again and again, at the misfortunes of the poor devils on the stage. If this sort of thing continues, we will soon be getting up jolly theatre parties to see Theosophists burned and fed to the lions at the Polo Grounds.

EVERY ice-cream-soda dispenser in our small towns is constantly exposed to the danger of becoming a musical comedy hero. Surrounded as he is by mirrors all day long, the care and training of the pompadour becomes an important fact in his life, and the more beautiful the pompadour becomes the more conscious the dispenser becomes of the great pity it is to hide the sight of it from the general public. One thing leads to another, and, before he knows it, the dispenser is singing tenor rôles in Broadway.

But, owing to the glasses and oranges being piled up before the mirror to the level of his chin, the dispenser invariably neglects to give the proper attention to his attire, with the distressing result that musical comedy heroes wear their clothes worse than anybody in the world. Only one—Oscar Shaw, now in "Flying High"—ever looks quite human. Mr. Shaw always looks as though he had run in in his street clothes to do his evening's work and hereby earns this page's Gold Star for musical comedy heroes.



IN "SIMPLE SIMON" AND IN "THEY NEVER GROW UP."

Ruth Etting, who handles a song hit, and Otto Kruger, who is back again for the fourth time.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Lummox"

IN TRANSFERRING Fannie Hurst's popular novel to the screen, Herbert Brenon has displayed the same courageous direction that featured his "Sergeant Grischa." If these two films are financial successes it will prove conclusively that both the movies and movie audiences are improving.

Those who have read the book may be a bit disappointed at first sight of Winifred Westover as the leading character because she does not measure up to the ponderous physical proportions so definitely associated with Miss Hurst's heroine. Other than this shortcoming we doubt if any screen actress could improve on Miss Westover's performance in the difficult rôle.

Bertha Oberg was born to drudgery—always slaving with little recompense—then that brief hour in which a man found her desirable, loved her and took away an inspiration that found voice in an immortal poem. Cook . . . scrub-woman . . . a poet's inspiration and mother of a great musician she could not claim as her son . . . appreciating all of the beauty in life with no means of expression except in service . . . a magnificent Lummox. Under Mr. Brenon's earnest guidance Miss Westover attains moments of stark realism that makes you feel as though you are intruding on the privacy of Bertha Oberg's soul.

Fine performances are also given by William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy and Ben Lyon.

You will find some of the episodes in the life of Bertha Oberg uninteresting, but in others you will realize that you are witnessing a movie that is

a decided step in the right direction. Recommended.

"Mammy"

NO HUMAN agency could possibly have prevented Al Jolson appearing in a motion picture called "Mammy." We are glad it is over, so we can relax and look forward again to the day when Mr. Jolson will make another film that will compare favorably with "The Jazz Singer."

he tells his Mammy goodbye. By working at the top of their lungs Al and Louise Dresser manage to make this one of the nicer scenes in the film.

The featured song is a tuneless thing called "Let Me Sing And I'm Happy." Other numbers are "To My Mammy" (the best) and "Across The Breakfast Table." According to some of the press reports these efforts are in the nature of a comeback for Mr. Berlin. In that case, he should have stayed

where he was.

Honorable mention for valor is due Louise, Al, Lois and Lowell Sherman.

"The Girl Said No"

THIS very bad picture may serve a good purpose. It presents William Haines in such a thoroughly asinine rôle that his producers may see the error of their ways and give the poor fellow a chance to do something worth while. At regular intervals Mr. Haines appears as a collegiate smoothie who manhandles girls at first sight, gets away with impossible breaches

of good manners and generally disregards Emily Post's rules for nice people. In attempting to personify the exuberance of youth Mr. Haines succeeds only in creating a smart Aleck character that is an insult to the type of college boy he is supposed to represent.

Advertised as a feature player, Marie Dressler appears in but one scene during which she creates a real laugh by dropping a fountain pen down the front of her dress and allowing Bill to recover it with a pair of tweezers. Very funny and not as risqué as it sounds.

We also say "No."



"Oh, don't worry about it, Mrs. Peebles . . . what if your petticoat does show a bit?"

There is no denying Mr. Jolson's value as an entertainer, but it would have been a physical impossibility for Jolson or anybody else to create anything more interesting than a mediocre talkie out of the nondescript story and music which Irving Berlin has written for "Mammy."

Al is a minstrel man with a secret sorrow. He loves Lois Moran but she loves another. Melodrama is introduced by means of the ancient bit of hokum wherein the villain puts a real bullet in the pistol used in the show and Al shoots one of his friends. This makes it necessary for him to escape and return to the old homestead where

"Reading Between the Lines"



LIFE will pay \$5 for every idea used on this page.

Life at Home

WASHINGTON—The police seized an automobile loaded with sixty gallons of rye, after the driver had escaped.

The car was then parked outside the station house. Five minutes later the police were summoned by telephone to the scene of a "murder."

When they had returned after a wild goose chase, they found the rum car had been towed away.

NEW YORK—One thing seems quite essential for a bar. John Rossi was in the Brooklyn Federal Court. The prosecutor said his establishment was a speakeasy, since it had a bar. The defense attorney said it had no bar, merely a counter. Judge Byers inquired if there was a brass rail. The evidence showed there was not. "Then we'll call it a counter," he ruled. Rossi was fined \$150 for possession of liquor.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Liquor one has drunk does not constitute illegal possession in Tennessee, the State Supreme Court ruled today in reversing the conviction of Dewey Vance of Overton County.

"Evidence that the plaintiff had been drinking is insufficient," the court said. "Such internal possession does not come within the statute."

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla.—C. L. Thoroughman, former Oklahoma minister and for six years a Federal prohibition enforcement officer, was under \$5,000 bond, charged with the operation of a huge still near Lawton, Okla.

ORMOND BEACH, Fla.—A number of people who had gathered to watch Rockefeller play golf were given printed cards by the Rockefeller chauffeur bearing the following verse:

*"I was early taught to work as well as play;
My life has been one long happy holiday.
Full of work and full of play
I dropped the worry on the way—
And God was good to me every day."
Signed . . . John D. Rockefeller.*

WASHINGTON — Arrested for driving his roadster with three girls in the front seat beside him, Arthur H. Walter submitted a diagram showing the figures of the three girls and the driver, together with all the measurements, proving to the satisfaction of the judge that Walter had complete control of the car.

ST. LOUIS—Ex-Senator James A. Reed vigorously protested that the newspapers were in error when they quoted him as saying that all the members of Congress were jackasses. What he had really said was that "several hundred" of them were jackasses.



IF THEY CAME BACK.
Shakespeare tries to "crash" Hollywood.

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Best Men

NANCY looked at her father. There were tears in her eyes. She said, "Why won't you help, Pa?"

Smith looked across the room at Mrs. Smith. She was crackling her newspaper. It sounded to him like a fusillade of shots; aimed at his head. He said, "What your mother said was final."

"But she threw Bill out. She didn't give him a chance. Don't you see I don't want to marry him without any of you there?"

"You're not going to marry him," said Mrs. Smith, looking over the top of her paper like an overgrown gargoyle on a cornice.

"I am," said Nancy.

"Hurr," said Smith. "Am not!"

"Are not," said Mrs. Smith.

The tears in Nancy's eyes gave place to a look of steely determination. She knew that even as they talked, Willingdrift, who had temporarily given up buttling, was out with Bill stalking a minister. She knew in an hour they would be waiting at the tiny church they had selected. Good old Willing! Good old Bill—her Bill! Couldn't let them down . . . Had to shake family, somehow. Rotten of them anyway to let her down like that. She wasn't surprised at her mother, but she'd thought the old sporting Pa would stick by. The tears for a second returned. Miss the old man . . . like hell. Wanted him at wedding so much. She looked from one uncompromising parental face to the other. Then she got up. She said, "I'm going over to Helen Brook's to shoot some bridge."

Mrs. Smith did the gargyle again. She

said, "You're going to the concert with me!"

Nancy sat down. That seemed to settle it. Well, Bill would understand; know she hadn't been able

to get away, and Willingdrift would tell him tomorrow. She said, "All right, Ma. I won't go to the Brook's, but do I have to go to that concert?"

"Nancy," said Mrs. Smith, "I am your mother . . ."

"I know," said Nancy.

"It is my solemn duty to protect you. I will not let you out of my sight until this whole matter is over."

"Your mother is right," said Smith. "Outrageous, young whippersnapper disguising self an' comin' here like a—like a—like a—but concert's hell of a thing to go to. Wouldn't inflict that on a dog. You come to movies with me."

"Robert!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Shizmy," said Smith and got stuck.

"ROBERT!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Shizmy daughter," said Smith. "If I want my daughter to go to movies with me, who's got a better right?"

Nancy said, "Thanks, Pa." She knew he was trying to make it easier for her. "I promise not to run out on him, mother. Let me go, please."

Mrs. Smith wavered, mainly because she hadn't wanted to go to the concert herself. She said, "Your word of honor, Nancy."

Nancy nodded.

"Go get wrap," said Smith.

"The car was waiting when Nancy

came downstairs. They got in. Nancy said, "Pa, can we ride around a little? I don't want to go to the movies yet."

"Sure," said Smith. He nodded to the chauffeur and put his arm around her. He said "Understand, Nance; lot of things."

With a sudden flood her tears came, and she clung to him until the mesa of his shirt became a morass. The car turned south in the park.

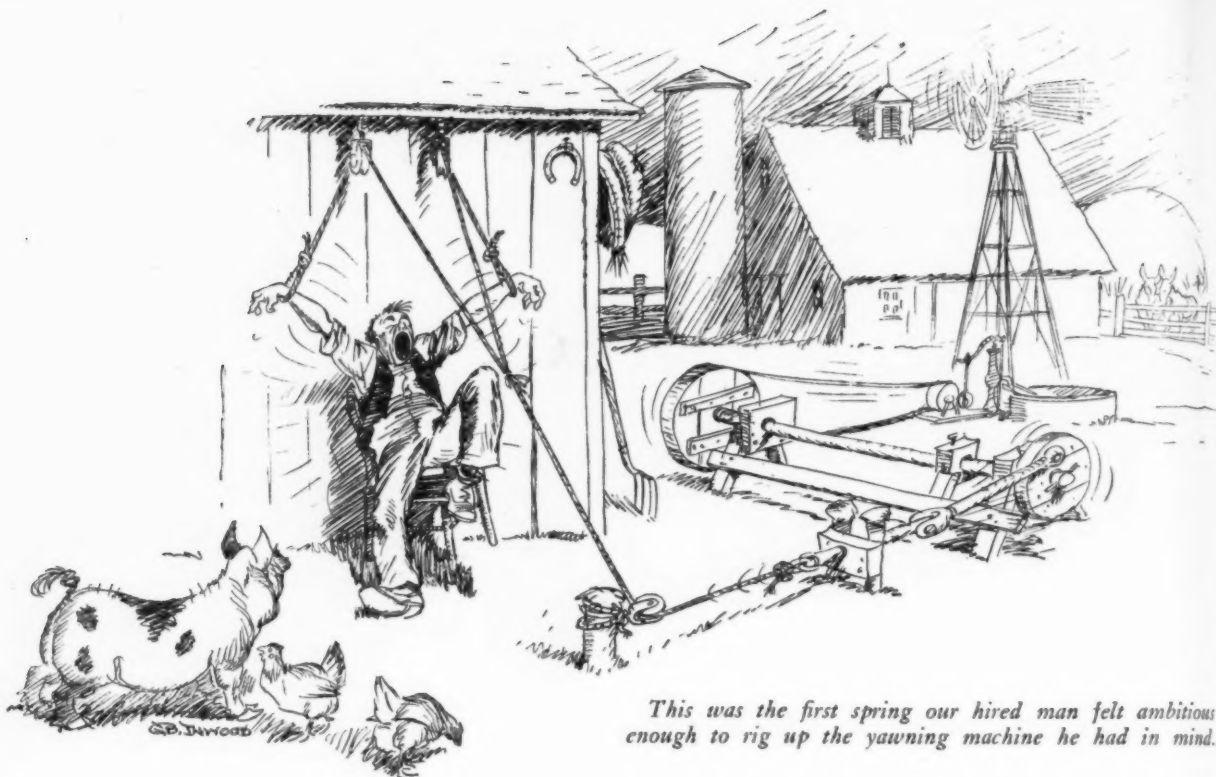
For a mile he comforted her and stared out of the window at the blinking lights. They went past the Zoo and a funny expression came on his face. His arm tightened around the shoulders that were quieter now. He was thinking of the first time he'd taken Nancy there.

The car slid into the Avenue, began passing the lighted windows of the shops. Bergdorf—Smith saw the name as they flashed by; saw Nancy, in the white dress she'd bought there, flowers in her arm, debutante. Nardi—vision of Nancy on a chestnut horse coming over the fence at Foxcroft to meet him when he went to her commencement. Best's

(Continued on Next Page)



She saw her father and Willingdrift standing close together.



This was the first spring our hired man felt ambitious enough to rig up the yawning machine he had in mind.

Willingdrift

(Continued from Preceding Page)

—kid clothes in the window. Smith's moustache became strangely alive as though the mouth under it were working, quickly, up and down. Schwartz—Nancy in pigtails, arms full of toys, clinging to his coat tail as they crossed the street.

The car swung to the left and stopped. Nancy looked up and smiled. She said, "Why, Pa, what goes on?"

The moustache was steady again now. He was able to smile back at her.

"You do," he said.

He helped her out of the car, then he crooked his right arm. She put her hand on it and with a strange dignity he led her across the sidewalk through the leather door of the great dark building before them. Then she saw, away off in the light from the altar candles, Bill Sparks and Willingdrift, and standing beside them the minister from the church the Smiths always went to twice a year.

"Why, old sporting Pa," she said, "I . . ." But she suddenly found it quite impossible to say anything more. She

felt her father's arm grow stiff, as though his hand were clenched, felt herself being led forward with measured step, heard music.

Then Bill was standing beside her

and Willingdrift was handing him a ring and the minister was saying things and she was answering and her father had stepped back and was saying, "Hurr," and "Humph," and "Hah," and staring very hard at one of the candles that was out because it had a bad bulb. Then she was shaking hands and walking away with Bill.

At the door she turned to wave goodbye. She saw her father and Willingdrift standing close together. She waved and something about the way the two of them waved back to her made her turn and hurry on.

When she had gone, Smith and Willingdrift faced each other.

Smith said, "Haw," and blew his nose. Willingdrift said, "Yes, sir," and blew his. Smith said, "Hurr," and then "Humph," and then, "Willingdrift, you're goin' places with me to-night, see? I can't go home now!"

"Come to think of it," said Willingdrift, "neither can I."

And the two of them, arm in arm, marched out to the limousine.



"It isn't raining rum, my dear, it's raining violets."

Next week's story
"COUP"

Will be about Bobby and Bunny.

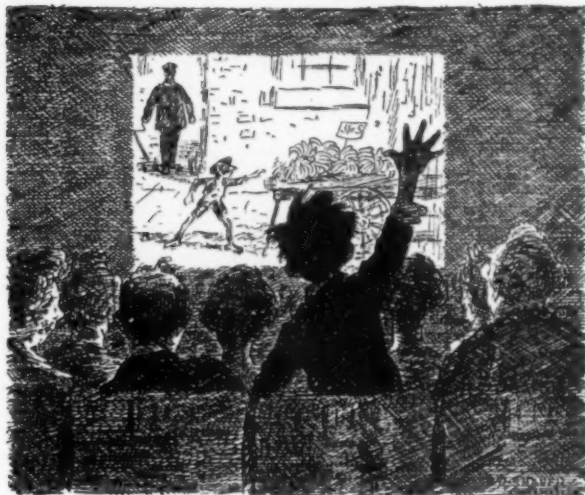


—Reprinted from LIFE, 1905.

A WORD TO PAPA.

If Johnny you catch making pictures on walls,
Don't lose your temper a speck;
Just smile and speak kindly and reason with him,
And then wring the little brute's neck.

The Family Album



—Reprinted from LIFE, 1917.

AT THE MOVIES.
"Cheese it! The cop!"



A LITTLE INCIDENT.

—Reprinted from LIFE, 1900.

Showing that even inanimate objects can enter into the spirit of the game.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The pictures on the front page of a tabloid newspaper brought to life in a work of art.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Strong, silent gentlemen and officers on the British front. The best of the war plays.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—Three travelers straighten out an English landlord's difficulties with his daughter. Pleasant comedy by Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Rough stuff comically handled. A fake stork menaces the peace of a small town.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's troupe back again after a trip to Philadelphia.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Superbly acted and freshly written comedy of love in a speakeasy. The most thoroughly enjoyable evening in town.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A neat murder in a subway car neatly solved.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Behind the scenes in the song writing factories. The loudest laughs to be had outside the United States Senate.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—A dainty bit made into exquisite entertainment by Leslie Howard's acting. A modern young man visits the XVIIIth century.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Bayes*—It drizzles.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *George M. Cohan*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Jewish wisecracks.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morisco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frankly naughty, but well acted, comedy of two young cubs wrassling with the Vital Urge.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Sticky, but well written and well acted, play by A. A. Milne. The life story of a young author and his wife.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death spends a week-end with a set of uncomfortable mortals. Philip Merivale is excellent.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—The one woman show which is one of the best in town.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Old fashioned tea cup comedy made delightful by Grace George's acting and St. John Ervine's writing.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Longacre*—We have no desire to meddle in it.
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Hope Williams wins back her husband by refraining from begging. Donald Ogden Stewart's *physique de l'amour*.
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Hint to the Crime Commission: find out why the ladies are so thrilled to watch Katharine Cornell commit a cold-blooded murder.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How the citizens of the French Republic are robbed by the public servants without benefit of Prohibition. A brilliant satire which must be seen.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. It took six pints of bear's grease to get our hair back in place.
- ★THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Marriage and reform kill a fallen woman. Helen Menken in a weird play.
- APRON STRINGS. *Forty-eighth Street*—Mamma's apron strings stretch from the grave. Slight stuff.
- ★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Unfaithful husband and staunch wife in Westchester.
- ★THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The Coburns in a dramatization of Tarkington's novel.
- ★THE APPLE CART. *Alvin*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bernard Shaw on the inability of the people to govern themselves. His latest and dullest.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—An amusing, elevating and beautiful play. A Negro cast sets forth the ignorant darcy's notion of the Bible story.

THE BLUE GHOST. *Forrest*—Boo! If you fainted when you read that word, this spook drama will thrill you.

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY. *Eltzinger*—Risen from the grave, like the characters in the play. Alice Brady's shame.

★A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY. *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Turgenev's comedy of Russian country life in 1840 in which Nazimova does a glorious come-back.

★THE OLD RASCAL. *Bijou*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—William Hodge decides that Broadway wants only smut—and supplies it in thick slices.

BROADWAY SHADOWS. *Belmont*—Now, really, THEY NEVER GROW UP. *Masque*—Otto Kruger in a rough and tumble farce.

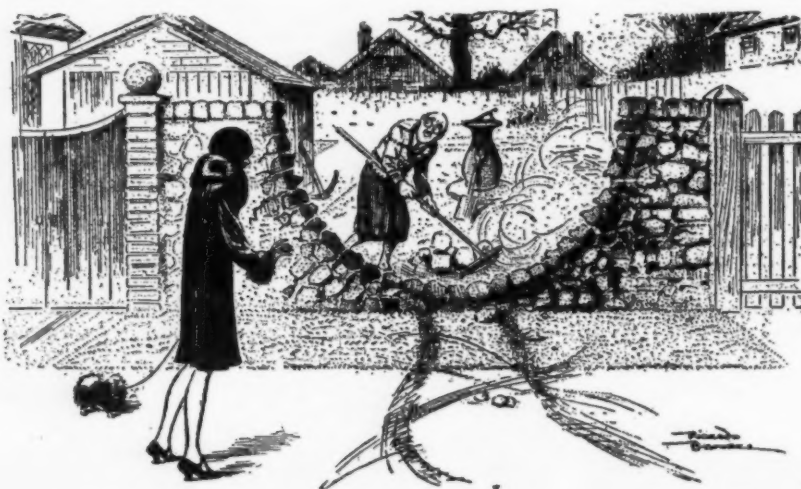
Musical

- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$6.60—Carroll's chef-d'oeuvre, with Will Mahoney.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue at his best and Lily Damita in person. If we had to see a musical thing twice, this is what we would choose.
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Americans in Paris bust loose to Cole Porter's music.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—The musical show with an intelligent book. Ira Gershwin's lyrics, George Gershwin's music, and Clark and McCullough for the fun.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Harriet Hoxtor's Hunting Ballet is worth the price of the seat. Ed Wynn and a gorgeous Ziegfeld show so much velvet.
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Much better, now that most of the stars and sketches have been removed.
- FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—A pretty good show and the funniest gag ever executed by Bert Lahr.
- JONICA. *Craig*—Well, there weren't any second rate musical shows in town, so they brought this in.

Movies

- LUMMOX, MAMMY AND THE GIRL SAID NO—In this issue.
- THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—John Barrymore does a classic bit of drawing-room farce.
- CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—A motion picture with sound defects. Awful.
- MAMBA—Good color photography. Good performance by Jean Hersholt. Bad story. Bad recording.
- YOUNG EAGLES—"America's Boy Friend" (Buddy Rogers) brings down the German ace.
- THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—Herbert Brenon's courageous version of the grim novel.
- SARAH AND SON—Recommended for Ruth Chatterton's expert performance.
- ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Jimmy Durante is very amusing despite his limited opportunities.
- SONG O' MY HEART—Authentic reproduction of John McCormack's voice in a charming setting.
- THE ROGUE SONG—Authentic reproduction of Lawrence Tibbett's voice in a garish setting.
- THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King is one of the few tenors who fights and loves convincingly.
- ANNA CHRISTIE—Greta Garbo triumphs in her first talkie with the help of Marie Dressler and Director Clarence Brown.

(Continued on Page 28)



ACQUAINTANCE: How artistic and quaint you're making your garden wall, Mr. Smith!

MR. SMITH: My wife gave me the idea; she did most of it with the carl
—Humorist, London.

Seeing Nellie home....



IN THE mauve nineties when undergraduates wore Chester A. Arthur whiskers and only a statistician could tell you what the girls wore, it was customary to sit on the fence and barber-shop about the joys of "seeing Nellie home." These were the days when dates and prime beef were on the hoof, with possibly a wind-blown livery horse as a Sunday high-light.

Times have changed; so have methods of transportation; so have girls, so have names, since the immortal failure to do right by our Nell.

One thing remains the same—the feminine desire to be just one step ahead. You

know — to ask sweetly, "O, did you motah ovah? — We flew." Here, Kitty, Kitty.

But we digress, for after all there is but one Emily Post and our mission is the sale of aeroplanes, not a study of debutante psychology.

One of the COMMAND-AIRE'S strongest features is stability. It is the only plane in which complete control is maintained at stall speed.

This answers the two burning questions of every beginner—"Suppose the engine stalls" and "Isn't it hard to land?" (We have photographs proving that the plane will guide itself while the pilot rides the fuselage.)

The cowl of the cockpit is so well designed that a helmet is not necessary except for street wear, and one may even be nonchalant and light a Murad while flying.

In appearance, the COMMAND-AIRE has the lines of a greyhound and the shining efficiency of a custom job. Yet the price is but \$5,675 Fly Away Little Rock.

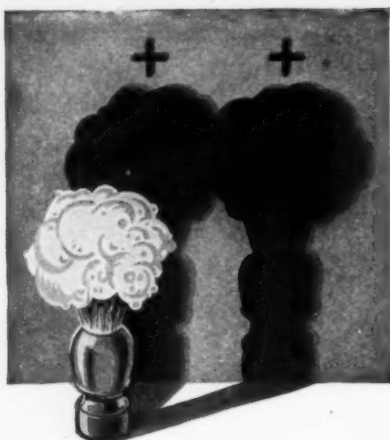
Write for folder giving full description and let us put you in touch with our nearest dealer.



3 Place Sport, Powered By Lycoming, \$5,675

COMMAND-AIRE, INC., Little Rock, Arkansas

COMMAND-AIRE



I Guarantee 2 More Shaves per blade

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

...and I mean *good* shaves, too. Your money back if I'm wrong.

I hope you take me up. Mennen Shaving Cream—the biggest tubeful, by the way—hasn't let me down yet. A Better Shave? Sure—because Mennen softens the hairs and forms a fine film over which the blade glides smoothly. Mennen means better skin, too. The lather penetrates and flushes out the pore-dirt.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream... Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable, Mennen shave. Both build up a fine quick lather in any water. The only difference is this—Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen... that's the main point... and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube.

And remember—The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm... Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS



MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO. Dept. M-3 NEWARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim,
I'll try it with my razor.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

- ☐ Send me Mennen Without Menthol
☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced



As this issue goes to press, LIFE's drive against prohibition is entering its 4th week... full page advertisements, paid for by voluntary contributions, have been published in the following papers—New York Times (twice), New York Herald-Tribune, Chicago Tribune, Boston Post, Detroit Free Press, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Hartford Courant, Jersey Observer... the week of April 7th pages will appear in the Baltimore Sun and the Milwaukee Journal... in addition to this LIFE's first full page advertisement in the March 28th issue has rallied over 1200 contributors to date (April 8th)... the week of April 20th, pages will appear in the entire Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers which reaches from coast to coast... they are the following:

New York Telegram
Baltimore Post
Buffalo Times
Akron Times-Press
Memphis (Tenn.) Press-Scimitar
Ft. Worth Press
Houston Press
El Paso Post
Knoxville News Sentinel
Oklahoma City News
Birmingham (Ala.) Post
Evansville (Ind.) Press
Columbus Citizen
Toledo News Bee
Cincinnati Post
Covington (Ky.) Post
Indianapolis Times
Cleveland Press
Youngstown Telegram
Albuquerque (N. M.) State Tribune
Pittsburgh Press
Washington (D. C.) News
Denver Rocky Mountain News
San Diego Sun
San Francisco News



LIFE's Summer Cottage Contest

What's in a name? Every inhabitant in these United States who happens to own a summer cottage thinks that the name *he* has painted over the front door is just about as clever as all get-out. Well, here's his chance to cash in on it! LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for cottage names that are *really* clever. Come on, you summer cottagers!



*You can't win when
your feet ache*

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
in the New Family Size
Shaker Top Tin

It is so easy to shake into your shoes this antiseptic, healing powder that stops the pain of hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions.

Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort.

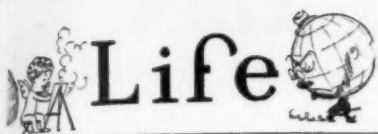
Allen's Foot-Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker top tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease

Answers to Anagrams (on Page 10)

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| (1) Valise. | (6) Troubles. |
| (2) Consort. | (7) Sachet. |
| (3) Tapestry. | (8) Boredom. |
| (4) Rakish. | (9) Raiment. |
| (5) Charade. | (10) Lingerie. |





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PHILIP ROSA, Managing Editor
W. W. SCOTT, Assistant Editor

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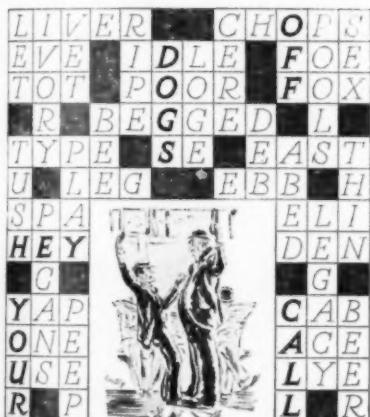
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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 32



Hey! Call off your dogs!

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by
H. Ramsbottom,
City Hall,
Calgary, Canada.

Explanation: Objecting to the stand taken by a fellow-passenger.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by
L. C. Rodda,
3311 Winterbourne Road,
Baltimore, Md.

Explanation: "You'll have to get off now, this is as far as I go!"

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by
W. J. Duverger,
534 Essex Street,
Lynn, Mass.

Explanation: A Tenderfoot in the city.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by
Mrs. Rita Frommer,
2119 Grand Ave.,
Bronx, N. Y.

Explanation: I shouldn't like to be in his shoes.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

The girl with a lovely smile goes places and does things!

And it's her pearly WHITE teeth that bring such thrilling charm to her smile.

Why not have a bright, winning smile? Every day chew Dentyne—the delicious gum, especially made to keep teeth white. It's the highest quality gum you can buy.



Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!



For Your Convenience
—the dotted line

Just write in your name and address, send it to LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., with the necessary check and the problem of your LIFE will be solved, it will be delivered every week to your door.

636

(Name)

(Address)

One Year (U. S. and Canada) \$5.00

Foreign \$6.60



THE BEST LITTLE SHAVER

PERHAPS you just don't know about double-action shaves as yet. Or Squibb's Shaving Cream — the best little shaver.

Here's the news! Double-action means extra-comfort while you shave and lasting comfort after you shave. Squibb's contains a special balm which replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin — restores a natural soothing comfort that lasts the whole day through.

You can't imagine the razor glide and the velvet feel of a double-action shave. You'll really have to try it.

You'll find Squibb's Shaving Cream at any drug store.

Listen to WILL ROGERS each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock, N. Y. time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Records

SWEEPIN' THE CLOUDS AWAY,
ANYTIME'S THE TIME FOR LOVE.....
Buddy Rogers, America's Boy Friend, makes his debut. Very nice too. (Columbia)

WASN'T IT BEAUTIFUL WHILE IT LASTED?
.....Smooth and soft, don't miss it.
RED HOT CHICAGO.....
Hot stuff. From "Flying High." (Victor)

HUMMING A LOVE SONG,
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN.....
...Phil Baker and his accordion. (Victor)

TELLING IT TO THE DAISIES,
STEIN SONG.....
Ben Selvin and his very popular band playing two good ones. (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"Tonight Or Never" (Jonica)
"I Want Someone" (Jonica)
"Love's Happy Dream" (Three Little Girls)
"Letter Song" (Three Little Girls)
"The Moon Is Low" (No show)

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 12)

meter people, so I did so, and Samuel said later that if he had been sitting nearer to me he would have brained me with a lamp for troubling a man who thinks in terms of corporations with such a petty domestic problem, but Lord! I am like Mrs. Touchett in "The Portrait of a Lady," who said, "My point of view, thank God, is personal!" and it is far easier for me to grasp difficulties on my own doorstep than larger ones which I do read about in the journals, and I have come to a point where I am weary of waking up in the morning and being told that there are seven men in our kitchen. The Commissioner very nice about it, too, no matter what his thoughts may have been, and he does promise me what redress there may be, albeit I do not expect him to line up all the offenders and shoot them, which is what would really satisfy me. All the evening gone over "The Technique of the Mystery Story" by Carolyn Wells, fascinating reading which I hope to turn to practical account, for I have thought of a splendid agency of death which I have not yet encountered in mystery fiction, and, furthermore, I have thought of somebody in real life on whom I should not mind seeing it work.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

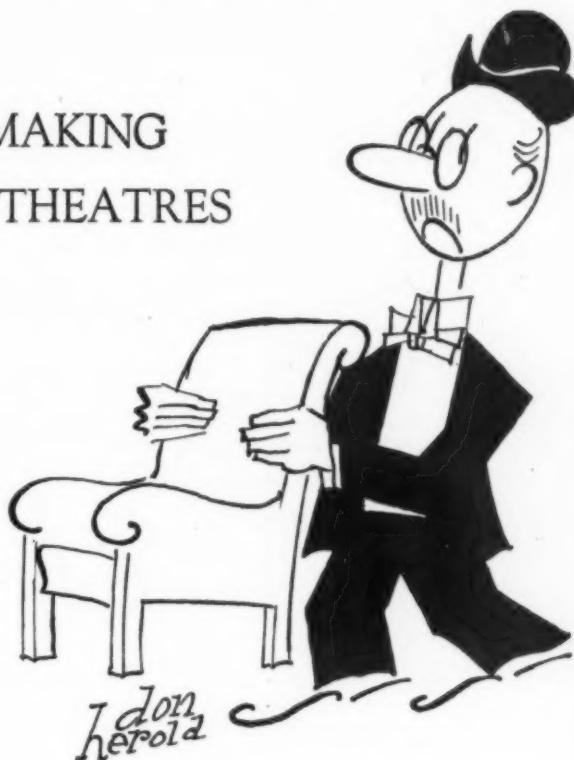
Check for \$..... Enclosed

I GOT TIRED OF MAKING DOWN-PAYMENTS ON THEATRES

I was one of those saps who used to lay down enough coin for a theatre ticket to overhaul a Chevrolet motor and install new piston rings. If I took the Mrs., it set me back enough to put a new set of tires all around on a Ford car.

One trouble with America is that there has been too much speculation in recent years—in pasteboard. Too many of us amusement lovers have been trading our equity in a building lot in Flushing for a marginal payment on "two down front"—balance in difficult payments.

Some time ago I got sick of IT ALL, and decided to quit the theatre *cold*. The theatres could all go dark before I ever darkened their doors again. (Yet I realized that in most cases the speculators, not the producers, were to blame.)



I was *through*. I'd stay home evenings and catch my thumbs.

Then a friend of an uncle of mine told me about LIFE'S Theatre Ticket Service.

So, I subscribed to LIFE and now I am a contented theatre-goer. A week or so before I feel like making theatre whoopee I send LIFE a check for tickets at pre-war prices. LIFE has taken the knife out of theatre ticket buying. I can now sit through a musical comedy without crying at the overhead, or weather a heavy tragedy without laughing hysterically at the thought of my extravagance.

*Andy
Consumer*

SIMPLE RULES FOR USING LIFE'S THEATRE
TICKET SERVICE—ON PAGE 28

Old Standards of foot comfort swept aside!



"DOES it hurt?" the shoe fitter used to say. If the shoe didn't, no one could expect greater comfort than that. Now that idea of comfort is obsolete. Wearers of fine footwear have an entirely new idea of comfort since changing to the Arch Preserver Shoe.

They enjoy comfort that exhilarates, energizes, puts new life in every step—the "Active Comfort" of vigorous foot health instead of the mere absence of foot pain.

Nerves, muscles and blood-vessels enjoy barefoot freedom on the Arch Preserver flat inner sole.

The natural springiness of the step is stimulated by the moulded Arch Preserver metatarsal support.

The long arch retains its youthful strength and buoyancy, all strain and stress being absorbed by the concealed Arch Preserver arch bridge.

These and other exclusive features are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe. They cannot be duplicated because they are patented. Distinguished styles and choicest materials in Custom Grade at \$12.50 and up. Other grades \$10.

Send for booklet and name of dealer.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. L-134, Rockland, Mass.

Also makers of the Wright Shoe, \$8.50 up

Wright  **ARCH PRESERVER SHOE**
FOR MEN

Made for women, misses and children by only
The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

Do you know a girl who looks like the girl on the Cover?

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of R. M. Crosby, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as *the* American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! With such an All-American Beauty Team, LIFE will challenge the world!

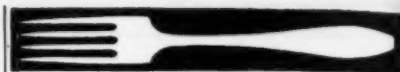
IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by R. M. Crosby, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By PENRHYN STANLAWS



"That'll stop 'em, eh Mac—me new pent house."

(30)



To those with BEEFSTEAK APPETITES and dry-toast digestions


GET Pepto-Bismol. Take it—and forget you ever knew stomach distress!

For Pepto-Bismol checks acid fermentation. Indigestion, hyper-acidity, heartburn, sour stomach—all yield quickly to this proven remedy. It has been a doctor's prescription for 25 years. So pleasant to take that even children like it.

Buy Pepto-Bismol at your druggist's in the 3-cornered bottles. It is only 50c. Turn after-mealtime pangs into untroubled peace and comfort! Money back if it doesn't relieve you.

Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF  UNGUENTINE

CUSTOMER: I believe I see a black-beetle in this soup, waiter.

WAITER: I'm sure you're mistaken, sir; I picked them all out before I brought it in.

—Dublin Opinion.



YOU'LL NEVER SAY, "SHE NEEDS CAULKING"

EVERY craft can't stand an outboard motor. But this "Old Town" can! She's an outboard boat by build. The stern is made so it won't sag or "give" under the motor's weight. Ribs and keel are extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas covering never needs caulking. No seams to open up! "Old Towns" are built for long life with few repairs. Swift, light and easy to handle.

Free catalog shows all craft. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes. Outboard motor-boats, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood family boats; row-boats; dinghies; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1125 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

This Advertisement appeared in The New York Times and The Baltimore Sun. This Page in LIFE is donated by LIFE for the repeal of prohibition.

Something for the taxpayer to think about

Last year individual tax-payers paid into the Federal Treasury \$882,727,114.

The estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement and loss of revenue is \$936,000,000.

Where does your Congressman stand on Prohibition?

MAIL THE COUPON AND WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWER



OF COURSE some people are interested in keeping the bootleggers in business.

LIFE, the magazine, isn't; LIFE wants Temperance, under sensible law. People who differ with us, tell us patronizingly that because Prohibition has become a part of the Constitution, there is nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain.

Do you subscribe to that?

Are you ready to admit that we must forever endure this farcical hypocrisy merely because we have a bad law on our statute books?

What utter nonsense!

Prohibition is doomed.

The Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed as soon as America makes up her mind to be rid of it.

There is enough public sentiment against Prohibition today to sweep it into the discard if only the millions who recognize its failure will band together in a great crusade.

Prohibition was not an overnight war time measure.

Patriotism was only the spring-board used by an astute minority that had for years been packing Congress and spending millions to gain its ends.

Washington is the neck of the bottle today.

Although a tremendous majority of the people want true Temperance, and are against Prohibition because it fails to give it, they are helpless until their protest becomes so loud that even the deafest ear can hear.

Where does *your* congressman stand on this vital question?

We will help you find out if you will fill out the coupon at the right hand corner of this page and mail it today.

Unless your representative at Washington is ready to come out flatly against Prohibition, let's replace him as soon as possible with a man who will.

Send the coupon now and let's find out where he stands.

▶▶▶ WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE ◀◀◀

Put your shoulder to the wheel

This advertisement was paid for by voluntary contributions from American citizens who want to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed.

This is page Number 2 of a series which is being published in the leading newspapers throughout the United States.

The first advertisement in the series appeared in the New York Times on March 12. It was paid for by LIFE and it started a mighty snowball of public protest which has rolled from coast to coast. Voluntary contributions from the first advertisement have been sufficient to date to carry its message into Chicago, Detroit, Boston, St. Louis; and donations are still pouring in.

Prohibition is doomed. The only question is: how long are we going to put up with an intolerable situation?

Advertising like this is sorely needed to crystallize public opinion and bring the decisive action needed for repeal.

LIFE needs your help

If you are sick of bootleg rule and hypocrisy, if you really want Temperance, if you want to see the end of this farcical law that is making us the laughing stock of the world, clip the coupon and mail it to LIFE today with your contribution. Even if you voted in the Digest poll, don't think you've done your share.

Send one dollar at least, more if you can spare it. LIFE guarantees to spend every penny to buy more advertising as forceful as this.

P. S. And remember, LIFE will mail your coupon to your Congressman at Washington.

IMPORTANT!—MAIL THIS TODAY

THE LIFE WAR CHEST

598 Madison Avenue, New York City
Dear LIFE: I favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Enclosed find dollars, my contribution to the good work. While there's Life there's hope.

Name

Address

City State

Send \$1 (as much more as you like).

LIFE agrees to forward this coupon to your Congressman.

This advertisement is sponsored by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

\$500⁰⁰
REWARD



WANTED
John Sparrow

(alias "Nuisance," alias "English")

John Sparrow—one of the most brazen of outlaws—is sought on two major offenses.

He roosts on housetops, defaces gables, ledges, windows and awnings, and nests in drain pipes.

This culprit's open hostility drives away welcome song-birds, replacing their musical notes with his "cheep, cheep, cheep."

John Sparrow should be tarred as well as feathered. Or, better still, he should be shot with a CROSMAN SILENT .22—the most amazing gun ever invented for shooting targets and killing small game, furred or feathered. Hence the

\$500⁰⁰
REWARD

for making such criminals, now at large, as silent as the Crosman Silent .22 itself, the rifle that has six features found in no .22 firearm. For full information on the Crosman Rogues' Gallery and the valuable rewards for the capture of the outlaws, write us now or see your Crosman dealer.



CROSMAN ARMS COMPANY
401 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

CROSMAN RIFLES
SILENT 22
"POWER WITHOUT POWDER"

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 37

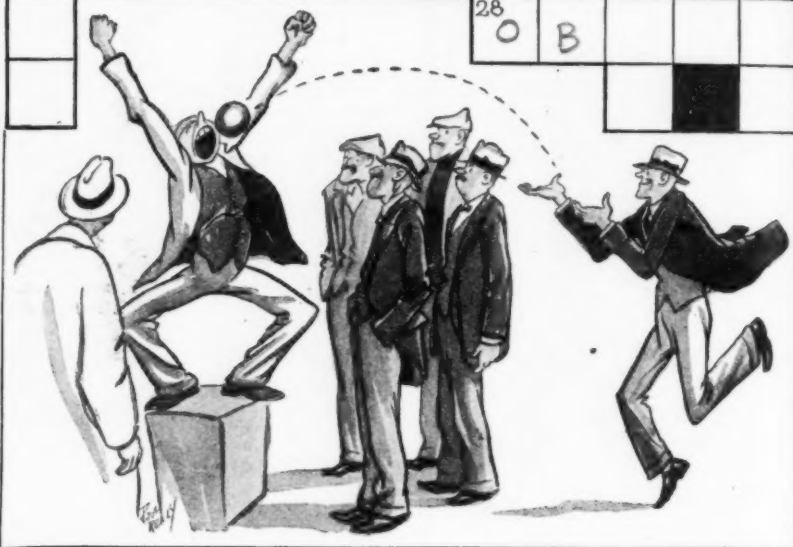
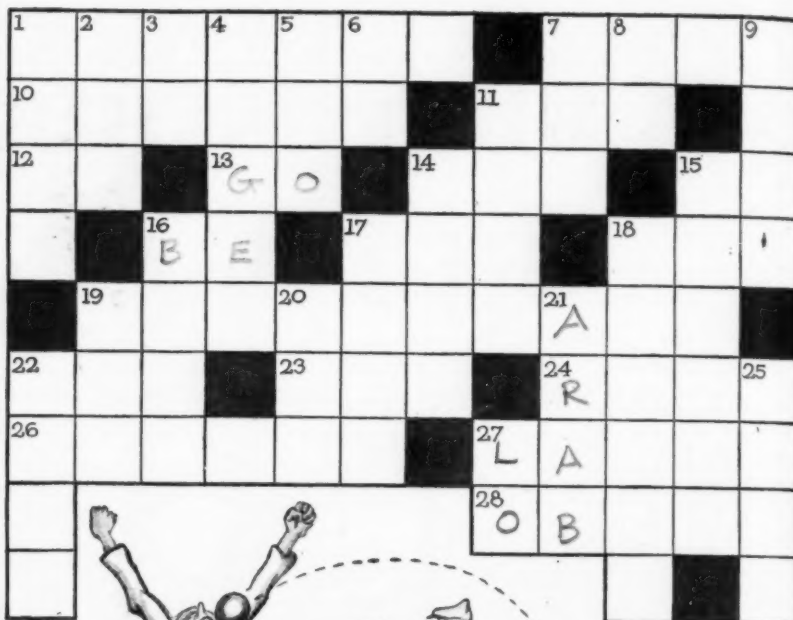
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, May 9. Winners will appear in the May 30 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. If you'd follow this—be careful!
7. The (one) specially designated.
10. Part of a battleship.
11. Definite article.
12. Man's nickname.
13. You'll never get anywhere unless you do this.
14. This is youthful.
15. A state. (Abbr.)
16. To exist.
17. This delivers a crushing blow.
18. Even a dry senator wouldn't get a kick out of this.
19. A toss-up decides who wins.
22. This is smooth.
23. This will protect you. (Abbr.)
24. A sound heard in the chest (path.)
26. This is very insistent.
27. A stratum.
28. What the timid husband does.

VERTICAL

1. Just a detail.
2. Political ammunition.
3. It takes two to make this. (Abbr.)
4. These are impelling.
5. Sign of the Zodiac.
6. Don't park in the middle of this. (Abbr.)
7. Pronoun.
8. To some women, there is only one.
9. This has a catch in it.
11. A grave matter.
14. A good man could make a hit with these.
15. This is fired by many.
16. This is soothing.
17. A ripping thing to do.
18. One who says it with music.
19. There's something sweet about this.
20. These are close to you.
21. A man from a really dry country.
22. To arrange for publication.
25. The Irish Gaelic.
27. Behold.

Shaving is now fun

... so easy, smooth,
quick ... with **Barbasol**

*"Shaving gets a laugh out of me now, instead of a moan. It's all fun. No brush. No lather. No hairs that miss their exit cues—and a face as smooth as a baby's. How? Just Barbasol and a trusty blade, nothing else ... Shakespeare said, 'There's the rub,' but he wore a beard. You don't have to rub in Barbasol; just another reason it's so quick, clean and comfortable, I guess... I'm one of the Barbasol boys and proud of it — every time the spotlight hits me."

Phil Baker



PHIL BAKER, the bright boy who makes his accordion talk, and makes his talk—accordingly. Entertainer and star of more good shows than almost any other songster. He's wise-cracking in "Pleasure Bound" these days and, from all reports, is producing a laugh a minute as usual.

THERE'S something about Barbasol that makes men want to yell with joy. It stirs up a brand of enthusiasm that makes them write us letters. Hundreds pour in all the time telling how Barbasol takes the tussle out of beards—tough beards, wiry beards, all beards ... Here's one: "I never really enjoyed a shave until I used Barbasol—no pull"—W. C., Illinois. And another: "It leaves the skin so wonderfully smooth. I get more shaves per blade"—J. E. S., New York. Again: "Barbasol is a boon to shavers—a revelation."—J. T. B., Pennsylvania. (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Follow these directions and you follow the crowd

Get this straight—Barbasol doesn't make a lather. You don't need it. Forget all your old ideas about brush and rubbing. Barbasol is entirely different ... All right; now let's go:

- 1 Wet your face well. *Leave it wet.*
- 2 Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in.
- 3 Hone up, strop up, wet the blade and—*shave.*

Who'd believe this quick, simple method could perform such wonders? The beard is soft, but crisp. Blade slides along *easy*. Whiskers come off clean, close. Face is soft, refreshed. No lotions needed and the blades last longer.

You can only prove this about Barbasol *on your own face!* Try it tomorrow morning. Generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢ at all drug stores. Buy it now and give your face a glad surprise! The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.



BARBASOL
SKIN FRESHENER

Here's a bracer for the face morning, noon or night. Slap it on face and neck when tired. It tingles; rejuvenates. Makes a new man of you. Try it!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

1855 • SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY • 1930



QUITE frankly, this Crane bathroom is suggested for out-of-the-ordinary homes, where price is not the first consideration. Nevertheless, if you are planning simply a five room cottage, do not turn away with regret. Taste, beauty, truly modern comfort are never matters of money alone. There are Crane materials and Crane interior decoration ideas in all price ranges. A

revised edition of the popular book, *Homes of Comfort*, written especially for the small house planner, is just now ready. Its 96 pages outlines all new plumbing possibilities and shows a wide choice of fixtures and accessories, with list prices. It is yours for the asking. About arrangement, decoration, and installation, consult your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor.

Valves



CRANE



Fittings

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices: 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 23 W. 44th St., New York • Branches and sales offices in one hundred and ninety cities